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SHANGHAIED INTO THE EUROPEAN WAR.



By
DANIEL H. WALLACE.

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INTRODUCTION.

I am telling the following story of my experiences in the service of the British Army in the hope that it may be the means of preventing other Americans from being misled by the same representations and roped in by the same devices to which I fell an easy victim.

I was born and reared on a ranch some eighteen miles out of Tuscon, Arizona—about as far away from any denaturalizing European influence and prejudice as one can get in the United States of America.

That I should primarily become a cow puncher and horse breaker was a foregone conclusion. After I was twentyone, however, I enlisted in the Army and served in the 7th U. S. Cavalry at Ft. Riley, Kansas, for three years, officiating as riding instructor during a part of the time.

At the end of my enlistment I attached myself to the Texas Rangers, remaining in this service four years. During the third year I was elected lieutenant and was in line for a captaincy when the decree came from Washington that thereafter the Rangers would be officered by West Point cadets, appointed by Washington.

The experiment eventually proved a failure, but in the meantime the first of these West Point military children had proved such a joke to the service hardened Rangers that about ninetyfive of our men resigned in disgust. I was among these

I next took a position as traveling salesman with the Buckeye-McCormick Harvest Machine Company of Kansas City. After two years, during which I travelled throughout Europe for this company, I returned to the ranch. Here a director of the Essanay Company discovered me and I spent some time riding and doing other cowboy stunts for the movies, finally going to New York City with a Vitagraph Outfit which I had joined in Wyoming. And at this point the present narrative begins.

SHANGHAIED INTO THE EUROPEAN WAR.

On January 26th, 1915, I was standing in front of the Bulletin Board of the Times Building in New York City. Discussing the war, as thousands of others were doing, I made a remark about one of the fresh "atrocities" announced on the Board. It was a "German Atrocity" of course, for, as you know, only Germans—and occasionally the Austrians and Turks—commit atrocities, according to our American press. Sharing the opinion of many an other misinformed American I was outspoken in my condemnation of the Germans.

A tap on the shoulder turned me around to face a man who greeted me with "Oh, I say, old chap! That's the way I like to hear a man talk. Won't you come and have a drink?"

I agreed; we went to a saloon and had the drink. My new acquaintance asked me my vocation and I told him something of my past activities, dwelling particularly upon my prowess with horses. We had more drinks; more than good for me. Finally my companion asked, how I would like a job breaking horses for his Majesty's government. He offered a salary of 15 Pounds (\$75.00) per week plus a bonus of 20% and my passage over and back if I stayed on the job six months.

I was only getting about three or four days work per week at the Studios at that time and had been thinking seriously of going back west to the ranch. The salary offered by this Englishman was about five times the amount I could hope to get as a cow puncher and I naturally jumped at the chance. Besides, there was a girl. Here, I thought, was a chance to make a little stake for us to start on.

I was told that in order to secure the appointment, I would have to pass as a British subject and was advised to say I was a Canadian. My friend now gave me a letter addressed to Patrick H. O'Conner, Calgary, Canada, and said that he personally would vouch for me. I was also given a slip with my assumed name, the position I was to fill and the amount of salary I was to receive filled in on the blank lines beneath the number.

Next I was taken to the British Consular Office, 17 State Street, where I appeared before Captain Roach, a small, dissipated looking remnant of humanity. He asked me a number of questions in the answers to which I had already been coached by the English Agent—the man who had approached me in Times Square. Also, I here exchanged the already mentioned numbered slip for one containing merely my name and number, the slip given me by the Agent remaining in possession of Captain Roach.

I was now passed on for medical examination. Wondering at the necessity of this, I was informed that all employees of the British Government had to be physically in good condition.

Captain Roach now read our "contracts" to us—there were chauffeurs, machinists etc. among those whom the British representatives had coralled—and we were given some papers to sign which the Consul told us were our Chance Papers. Overcome with our good fortune in securing such lucrative positions we unhesitatingly signed the papers which we did not hesitate to believe were duplicates of those just read aloud to us by the Consul.

I was now sent to Mr. Langley of the St. Georges Society in Broad street, who gave me \$10 in cash and an order on the White Star Line Offices. Here I received a ticket for passage on the Baltic.

There were twenty-five of us on the Baltic who had signed contracts to perform various kinds of work for the British company under whose auspices we were to serve. Among the first cabin passengers was an English gentleman who took such kindly interest in our crowd that we were scarcely ever free from his society. He kept us well supplied with liquor and in such a continuously convivial mood that the information, imparted to us by a sailor, that he was a Sergeant-Major of the British Army, returning to England after a recruiting trip through the U. S., aroused only faint misgivings in us. Another passenger was Mr. Cars W. Anderson Neary, Organizing Officer, whom I met later in Alexandria. Neary was killed at the Dardanelles.

The trip-across was uneventful except that several times false alarms of submarines sighted at night sent everybody below deck and, when nearing England, our

Regiment **COLDSTREAM GUARDS****THE SMALL-BOOK**of *Jan Wallace*No. *14316*

Every Entry in this Book (after the necessary particulars) on the Allied Lists have been inserted is to be made under the superintendence of the Officer Commanding the Squadron, Troop, Battery or Company to which the List belongs.



LONDON:

 PRINTED FOR HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE BY
 HAZELL, WATSON & VINEY, LD.

PARTICULARS OF SERVICE.

Country.	From	To	Years.	Days.	N.B.—Country only to be stated: it is unnecessary to state the station in different stations of same country. En-lieu, Flanders, and Ireland to be stated under general term "Flanders" under general service abroad, &c. O.K.'s Regulations.
<i>India</i>					
<i>France</i>					

2. Whether educated at *Public of York's Royal Military School,*
Royal Hibernian Military School,
Queen Victoria School.

3. Certificates of education ...

4. Passed classes of Instruction ...

5. Campaigns including actions, medals and decorations ...

6. Wounded ...

7. Effects of Wounds ...

Major, Coldstream
Transferred to 1st Bde.

1st Bde.
Transferred to 1st Bde.

side lights, masthead and stern lights were extinguished for fear of attracting attention of submarines. While lying in the Mersey River at Liverpool a couple of recruiting officers came aboard and we began to realize that our prospects might prove less rosy than anticipated.

We were made fast alongside the Princess Landing Stage. A military escort met and escorted us to St. Georges Hall, Line Street. Here we were asked in what Regiment we desired to enlist.

I informed them that I did not wish to enlist in any regiment; that I had come over to break horses. At this the officers laughed as though it were a huge joke. I was told that unless I enlisted I would have to stand the consequences of obtaining money (the \$10 advanced me in New York) and my passage to England under false pretenses; i. e. two years in prison. I denied any false pretense and was then shown the papers I had signed in Captain Roach's office and which I now read for the first time,—my "Chance Papers". Chance papers indeed! An agreement to enlist in H. M. B. Army! A chance to get off the earth! Too late I realized that I had been bamboozled. To apply to the American Consul would have been useless; I had declared myself to be a British subject. I might as well make the best of a bad job and take my medicine.

The same fate overhauled all the rest of our crowd of twentyfive who came over on the Baltic. Some of them got into the same regiment with me and I saw three of them fall at Neuve Chapelle, and two others at La Bassee, while one Pete J. Swinbank, with whom I had struck up a particular friendship, met death in the Dardanelles.

I was turned over to Major McLean, an officer in the Legion of Frontiersmen, who took me to Leeds, Yorkshire, to Boar Lane, where I was sworn in the Cold Stream Guards and sent to Caterham, near London, for seven weeks training.

Falling perforce into the spirit of my unexpected adventure, I was already beginning to regard myself as something of a hero and was preparing to receive the grateful homilies of my newly acquired fighting brothers. I was soon to be disillusioned. "Hullo Yank, you bleeding cold footed bastard! You came over here to fight for a Bob a day, eh?" This and similar sneers and insults greeted me at the Guards Depot and were my daily portion at Caterham. The fact that I was an American seemed to make them hate me just as sincerely as though I had been one of the enemy, and in spite of the fact that I was now bound to them and would shortly be fighting their battles, side by side with them. At the expiration of the seven weeks I was sent to join the Brigade of Guards at White City Shepards Bush, London, and received my final equipment, preliminary to being drafted for the front.

On the second day of my stay in London, I had occasion to go to Woolwich, a short distance out of the City. Here, in front of a small shop, I beheld a mob of soldiers and sailors and civilians—men and women. Some of them of the lower types and some appearing to belong to the prosperous business class. This rabble was stoning the windows of a little shop and despoiling it of its wares: all the while, shouting and swearing, using every vile and filthy epithet against and spitting at and maltreating an old woman of about eightyfive. The helpless victim of their rage, I learned, had committed the heinous crime of having been torn a German barbarian. Since childhood she had lived in England, in the house whence now she was ignominiously haled forth by her lifelong neighbors. At the death of her first husband, an Englishman, she married another of the same nationality. After bearing him three children—a daughter and two sons—she divorced him on account of cruelty and resumed her maiden name, Schultz. Her two sons had enlisted in the British Army. One was dead on the field at Mons. The other was at Sunderland, awaiting his turn to give his life for his country—the while his countrymen were pelting his mother's gray head with filth!

These were the people whose cause, I, an American, had espoused! whose battles I was to fight!

Another exhibition of the incensate hatred of these people was that given by the spectacle of a man with a sandwich-board over his shoulders. The board was decorated with a picture of the Kaiser on whose hat was printed the invitation, "A Penny a Shot". And men and women of England stopped to vent their puny rage against all Germans by spitting upon the face and recklessly spending one penny each for the privilege. To the petty English mind this, no doubt, represented a display of loyalty and patriotism. But to one fresh from the land of big things it was a most disgusting spectacle,—the futile raving of a senile race.

Of the almost unbelievable conditions as regards the relations between the soldiers at the English barracks and camps and the women and young girls who,

acted by the glamour of the kahki, swarm around the soldiers' headquarters in the evenings like so many moths, books could be written. Cases there are of girls, some of them only ten or twelve years old, seduced by men old enough to be their fathers and grandfathers; and other crimes, each one of which in other times would be declared as monstrous throughout the length and breadth of the land. But about these known evils among the British soldiery, the English press is strangely silent.

After three more days at Shepards Bush I was drafted out to France.

The first thing I noticed after landing in Havre was the very cold attitude of the people toward the British soldiery. On inquiry I found that the French resented the domineering manner of the English who seemed to think that because they were on foreign shores and were wearing the uniform of the British Army, they could command service and supplies without remuneration and that every Frenchman should supply them with all the beer, wine and whiskey they ask for without expecting to be paid for it. I have seen droves of the British soldiers walk into cafes or restaurants, eat and drink all they wanted and then walk out saying they had no money or placing the liability for the debt upon some soldier who had previously left. I have also seen these soldiers sell their shirts and shoes for the price of a drink, when they could no longer get it any other way, and have seen them begging in the streets for money. If refused they became abusive and demanded support from the French civilians on the ground that they, the British, had come to fight for them!

I was now with the Second Battalion, Second Division, Cold Stream Guards, "Somewhere in France." For just where we were situated no one ever knew. "Three miles from Berlin," was the favorite reply to a question as to our whereabouts. Later, when a prisoner with the German forces, I found they were equally secretive on this score.

During my third week of active service at the front I received a wound in my right foot, a piece of shrapnel tearing away my toes and leaving the front part of



Big toe gone. Only the stumps of four toes are left.

the foot in a pulp. At the time a company of German infantry was trying to dig us out of our trenches in a hand to hand bayonet encounter when one of our own shells bursting over our own lines gave me my wound. I fell backward into our trench, which was half filled with bodies of dead and wounded, and a German officer on the parapet above me, slashing right and left with his sword, gave the bottom of my wounded foot another whack for good measure. I received no medical attention except the first aid I applied myself and continued at my post. After a day and a half, during which we, aided by our artillery and machine guns, kept the aggressive German infantry at bay, they were finally forced to yield to our superior numbers and equipment. With the others I was forced, in spite of my wounds, to push on in pursuit. On the fourth day, weak from pain and loss of blood, I fainted and the wheel of an ammunition carriage passed over me, inflicting internal injuries which caused hemorrhages. I was picked up by the R. A. M. C., given a fresh dressing for my foot and sent on again to my company.

After nine days more of alternate marching and fighting, during which I had

taken part in two bayonet charges and one skirmishing order attack, I had been wounded again by a bayonet thrust in my leg and received a



load of gas in my lungs, I was very near dropping. A surgeon had taken a couple of perfunctory stitches in my leg wound after first having prodded in a lot of salt and, giving me a kick, had told me to get back to my lines, that I couldn't "work my ticket by loafing."

Unable to longer keep up with the pace of the march I was beginning to lag behind, when our Adj. Lieut. Lord Clive, a nephew of the late Earl of Falmouth, pierced me in the back with his sword, telling me, to fall in line "you cold footed Yankee bastard." But I had gone the limit of my endurance; I fell out and dropped in a heap. Lord Clive was shot not long after that.

A couple of hours later the Germans made an attack with several batteries of

machine guns. Our lines retreated in disorder, leaving me on the field for dead. My name appeared among those killed in this encounter. The report reached America and my mother hearing of my supposed death on the field, became insane from grief and committed suicide.

In the meantime I had been picked up by the Germans. Primed as I was with the tales of German cruelties, I was prepared for the worst. The following is a true account of how these "barbarians" treated the wounded of the enemy that fell into their hands. I was undressed and washed. My wounds were bathed and dressed. I was shaved, and my hair was cut and I was given a clean berth in an improvised field hospital that had a canvas top and straw banking to keep out the cold. My own mother could not have been more tender and kind than the German Red Cross nurses. I had been fighting against them and was given every consideration accorded their own wounded. The English for whom I had fought and bled, cussed and kicked me, cursed me, reviled my mother and abused my country.

After eleven days the British made a rear guard counter attack, supported by heavy artillery, causing the Germans to retire, leaving their worst cases of wounded prisoners, who might be an encumbrance to them, behind. There were about forty of us, and with us were left three able-bodied Red Cross privates to care for us until the British should pick us up. I was now sent back to England to my depot, Caterham.

My Traveling Warrant only carried me to Waterloo Station, London and when I arrived here I was broke and hungry. A couple of Salvation Army Men in uniform offered to take me to their place for the night. They paraded me nine blocks up Waterloo Road, as an exhibit of the good Samaritan work of their Army, to a place where I was given a cup of very weak tea, (I suppose they were afraid that strong tea would shatter the nerves of a soldier fresh from the battlefield) and a couple of slices of stale bread. If I had any coppers or small change, French, Belgian or English, I could get a fresh pot of tea for two pence, they told me, and tea cakes

buns at a penny each. But I didn't have the money to pay for this generous gift and so I was given a dirty blanket and shown a spot on the floor of an adjoining room where I might sleep. On the following morning at six o'clock I was refreshed by the same tender ministrations as on the night before and was sent on my way with a "God bless you" and "Hallelujah." I now went to their Free Dispensary to get my foot dressed, but found that I did not have the necessary six pence with which to pay for a card of admission.

And all this time the American representatives of this Organization were begging old linen for bandages for the wounded soldiers of Europe. With the proceeds of the sale of this linen they have probably bought another brass band or two since then with which to make more noise and solicit more alms in the name of religion.

After being refused medical aid by the Salvation Army, because I did not have money with which to pay for their charity, I walked to Caterham—about ten or twelve miles. Here I was looked after and sent to the Nelly Hospital near Southampton where I was well treated.

After my recovery I was drafted back to France for light duties attached to the Staff at Paris. At this point I wish to state emphatically that in no way does my condemnation of England and the English include France and the French. I found the French people and the French soldiers like I found the Germans: clean, fair and square and I consider it an insult to France and the French to speak of them as in the same class with the English.

However, here it was that I finally learned of my mother's tragic death and I now made up my mind to have done with this foreign war game.

Here also I met Barney Kreider, an American in the Foreign Legion of France. He too was tired of the outfit, and together we decided to desert, and to try to get back home. Barney secured a couple of furlough papers and a French uniform for me, and we bought tickets for Marseilles. At Marseilles we met another American, a sailor on a merchant ship bound for Newport News, Va. To him we told our story, and he told us that if we would stow away on his ship he would look after us and supply us with food and water. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon and we were to make our get-away that night.

Now, if a soldier comes in from the front or from a Hospital he gets to thinking about spirits—not religious spirits but alcoholic spirits—something to help him forget his misery. And we were no exception to the general rule. By nine o'clock that night we were pretty well started but remembered our undertaking and made our way to the docks. Here we boarded the ship, as we thought, our friend had pointed out to us. But in the darkness and our somewhat befuddled condition we got aboard the wrong ship. Instead of the American ship bound for home, we got aboard a French ship bound for Alexandria, Egypt, via Algiers, with French troops. The officers on duty, believing us to be of the draft permitted us to go on deck before the main body of soldiers arrived and we got down into the coal bunks to hide. The next day, no sailor-friend making his appearance with the promised food and water, we crawled forth to reconnoitre and found to our horror that we had literally put our heads in the lion's mouth; we were in a trap. A couple of days later hunger and thirst compelled us to give ourselves up. On arriving in Algiers Kreider was turned over to the French authorities. Poor Barney, I never saw him again. What his fate was I do not know. But the standard of the French army is high; their officers are gentlemen of honor and they demand that their soldiers be imbued with an equally lofty loyalty to the flag. So I suppose my Buddie paid for his desertion in the usual way—with his life. It's a different thing with the English. A man committed for felony in England can buy himself out by agreeing to enlist.

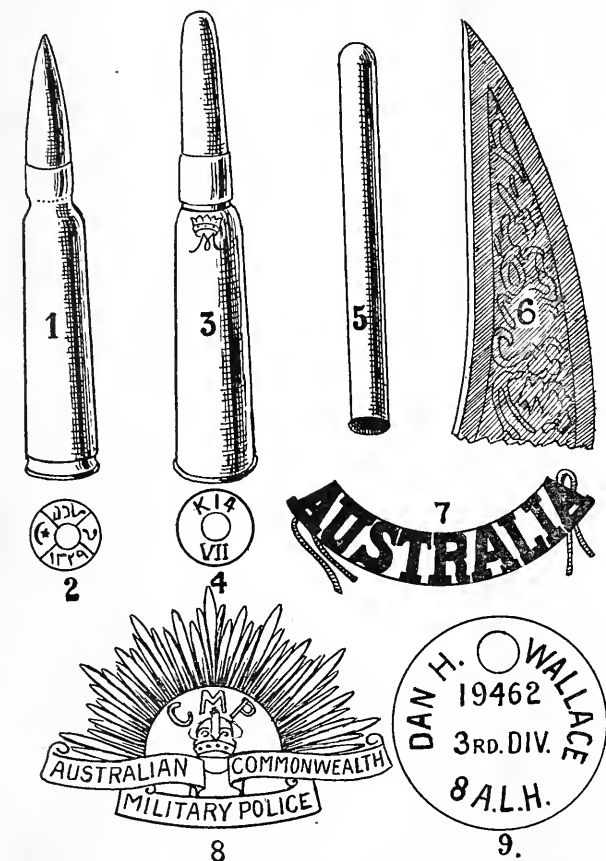
I was taken to Alexandria and turned over to the British officials. They put me in Fort Kon Il Dik, the M. M. P. Headquarters, where I was given a District Court Martial and sentenced to be shot. Col. Payne, commanding the Australian forces at Mustapha Pasha Camp, came to see me. In a desperate attempt to save my neck I told him that I had not intended to desert but that I had not been able to get along with the English and as I had heard the Australians were more like the Canadians, had wanted to try my luck with them. He said he would make an appeal to General Hamilton in my behalf for a reprieve. I heard nothing further from him for some days and I must say I was beginning to feel a little jumpy whenever I heard the tread of a squad of soldiers in the corridor. Somehow one never really thinks about death on the field when he's straining every nerve to get the other fellow and as many of him as possible. It's different sitting in a cell with nothing to do but think about that volley that's to put out your lights without you're ever having a chance for a single shot yourself. It got on my nerves. My time was here and still no word from the Colonel. That morning—a Friday morning—at about four o'clock—I heard the tramp of a company of men coming toward my cell. I was thinking pretty rapidly just then. I thought of my mother, my father; I could see my cayuse, tied

up in the krall, the prairie dogs, rattle snakes, sagebrush and almost smell alkali of dear old wooly Arizona, my native state. All these visions passed before my eyes while the key was rattling in the lock. But, when I looked up it was not into the face of the sky-pilot who always is the advance guard of the firing squad, but into the kindly face of Col. Payne, who extended his hand with a smile. I thought he was handing me a rather funny package when he showed me a telegram, which was my reprieve. Believe me, I felt like a two year old, turned out after the round up.

I was given fifteen years in Abersej, outside of Cairo, in the Military prison.

After a couple of weeks I received a King's Pardon and was transferred to the Eighth Australian Light Horse, Third Division, for two months' field service on the Peninsula. I was then drafted for service at the Dardanelles where I served eleven weeks. During the first two weeks I was on skirmishing duty and received a wound from a piece of shrapnel in the back of my head. I was sent to Malta, where I was well treated, for medical attention. From Malta I was sent to Lemnos and from Lemnos to the Peninsula again.

This time an attempt was made on the part of the British to land five ships with 6000 men at Landing No. 3 in the Bay of Suvla. The entire bay is commanded by powerful Turkish batteries on the table lands beyond and in addition is protected against the enemy at no great distance from the shore by an undersea mesh of electrically charged wires. Our five ships crept along between the wire barricade and the low hills of the shore until they reached a point opposite the aforesaid Landing No. 3. Here the Turkish fire from the batteries on the hills struck ship after ship as she emerged. All five were sunk and of the 6000 men aboard only about 400 were saved by the British surf boats. Our ship, the Hospital Trooper Karoz, sank within ten minutes after she was



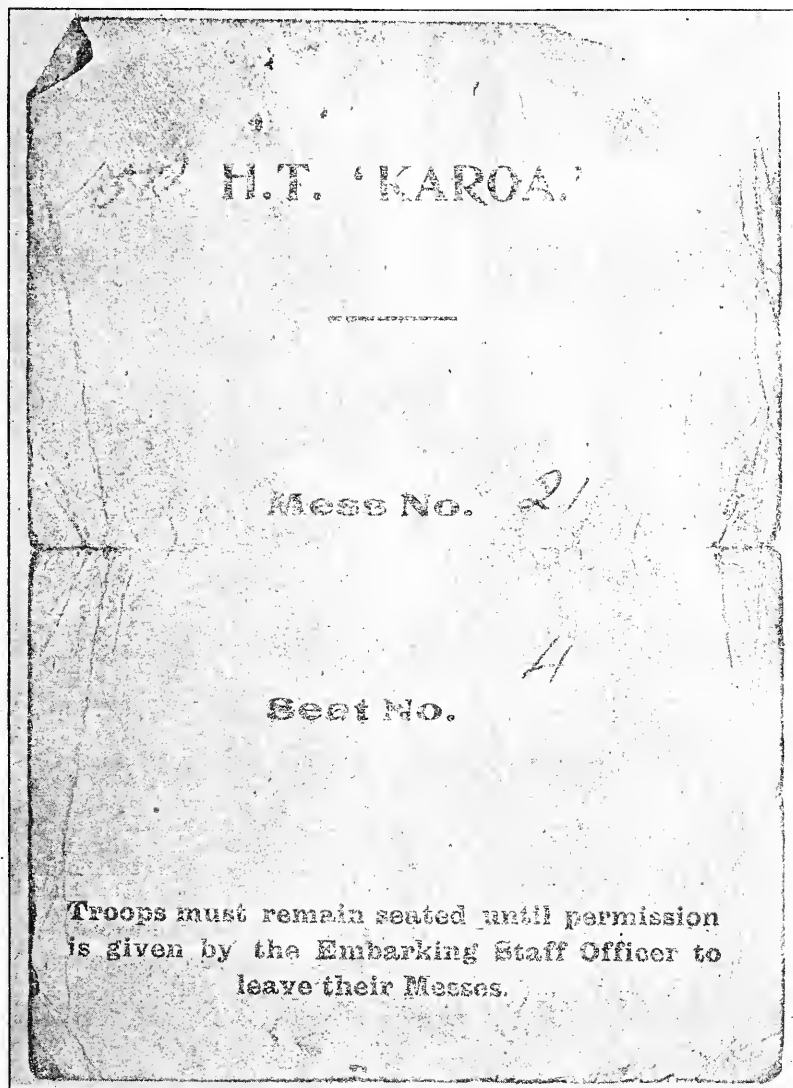
1. Turkish Cartridge; 2. Base of same; 3. English Cartridge, note flat point; 4. Base; 5. Gas tube, 50 to 100 of these are contained in one Shell; 6. Point of Turkish Scimitar Knife thrown at D. W. Wallace inflicting wound over left eye; 7. Wallace's Shoulder Plate; 8. Wallace's Cap Plate; 9. Identification Disk.

These drawings were made, after the originals in the possession of the author.

struck. With many others I was amidship and when she sank was sucked down the smoke funnel. Whirling around like a top with the inrushing water I reached frantically for something to cling to. I did manage to get hold of a wire which ran down inside the funnel, but I might as well have grabbed a streak of lightning.... The explosion of the boilers blew me back to the surface and here I was picked up and brought to land by one of the already mentioned surf boats.

Now the 400 survivors of the 6000 that had entered the Bay of Suvla on the five boats, began to make their precarious way up the five mile stretch of shell and shot peppered road toward the trenches which had been captured from the Turks by the Fifth and Sixth Brigades. It was not an advance. It was merely a scurrying from knoll to boulder, every inch of the way being commanded by the guns from several

rkish forts. The Turks had the range and every broadside took its toll. Does it seem strange that the end of five miles of this valley road, with half a dozen batteries on the hills above us, saw only three of us staggering into the protection of the trenches?



Facsimile of Mess Ticket of Hospital Trooper Karoa on which the author was shipped to Suvla Bay.

The Turkish trenches are from eight to twelve and fifteen feet wide and about seven and a half feet deep, with two steps on the defense side—one for observation men with periscopes and the other for loop holes. These steps, however, were useless to us as they were at our rear. They also have large concreted dugouts and cremation dugouts. The only thing these Turks had overlooked was a proper drainage system from the parapets of the trenches. The first week our Regiment, the 8th Australian Light Horse, of the 4th Brigade, of the 3rd Division, with the French on our left and the Irish on our right were ordered to an attack. On account of the backward construction of the trenches from our point of view, the only way to get out was over each other's backs. In this charge we covered only about ten yards

when an avalanche of shell, steel, lead and flame was hurled at us. We could not resist it so we had to take to cover. After retreating to our former position we mustered and only six hundred were there out of three thousand. Out of the six hundred, two hundred were in condition to defend themselves in case of a hand to hand encounter.

For seven weeks we lay in this position with twentyfour hundred dead men lying within ten yards of us, unable to pull them into the trench to cremate them or to get out and bury them. There it lay: heads, arms, legs, feet, hands, brains and entrails and pieces of flesh, littered all over the slope of the parapet; the hot broiling sun blazing down upon this mass of mutilated human flesh to rot it and form maggots. And then it rained and washed all this nauseating mass into our trench. And in this we had to eat, sleep and live!

For seven weeks we lived in this pit of foulness, waiting for support or relief. In the meantime nineteen other transports loaded with soldiers had attempted a landing. From our position on the hillside we saw them meet the same fate as the five ships on one of which I had come into the Bay; saw the ships sunk and the few rescued from the sea cut to pieces on that five mile road between the Bay and our own particular hell hole.

Relief finally reached us in the shape of the Scottish Border and Rifles and the Welsh Fusiliers when the batteries of the British fleet succeeded in silencing some of the Turkish batteries.

We were then sent to Lemnos for a rest. During all the weeks in the trench I had not removed my boots, socks or puttees. My pants I had cut off above the knee and I had taken time to take off my shirt for a few moments in order to scrape it of some of its live stock incrustation. Out of the six hundred who had returned to the trench after the charge, four hundred and twenty died from wounds, fever and other diseases contracted from living in the trench among the foul and polluted flesh, and of the remaining one hundred and eighty only seventytwo left Lemnos again; the rest lost their reason, some went stark mad, some committed suicide. Seven weeks of continuous fire over our heads and decaying human flesh and bones under our feet had proved too much for them!

The seventytwo of us who remained were sent back to the trench and attached to the Welsh Borders. I was sent on a scouting expedition, to locate, if possible, a concealed position of the Turks from which they were doing considerable damage at our landing point. I had managed to get within the Turkish lines when I received a bullet in my right arm. I dropped my rifle, lost my balance and fell. I had been standing on a ledge and when I fell landed face down on the body of a dead Turk whose entrails had been blown out. As a result my face and hands were covered with the blood of the dead man. I had lost my rifle, as it had rolled over the ledge, and was crawling away, trying to reach a place of safety when, looking up, I beheld a Turkish sniper gazing at me from behind the bushes; probably the one who had peeled me off. Seeing me disarmed and all covered with blood, he evidently thought I was about all in and did not attempt to drop me. Instead he lowered a water bottle toward me saying: "Meelish", the equivalent for our "never mind". So you see, the "horrible Turk" is not always as black as our worthy lime-juicers would have us believe.

I dressed my wound and continued my tramp. After another twelve or fourteen hours I could go no further. I stumbled, fell, and slept where I dropped. When I awoke it was raining torrents. I was laying on my face and when I tried to raise myself my fingers came into contact with something soft and clammy that gave forth a sickening odor as I dug into it. — It was the face of a dead Turk, who had been buried with only a few inches of earth over him. And now the water rushing down the hillside had washed off the dirt and I, rolling over him, had clawed the decaying flesh of his face with my fingers. — Even now, in my sleep, my mind goes back to this loathsome experience, and the face of the dead Turk, its foul flesh partly dug off by my fingers, rises before me. —

I had been on the Peninsula two weeks this time when I was again wounded. The Turkish snipers have a curved knife which they throw. One of these struck me over the left eye inflicting an injury as a result of which I temporarily lost the sight of that eye. I managed to make my way back to our lines — about seven miles distant — and was then sent to Heliopolis, outside of Cairo.

While in Cairo previously, after my King's pardon, I had made the acquaintance of an Egyptian lady whose daughter had been wronged by an English officer; she therefore hated the English.

When this lady learned of my presence in Egypt she visited me in the hospital. I had already told her of my forced enlistment and of my disastrous attempt to

sert and now entrusted to her my chance to get back home. She assured me that she would assist me in every way and before she returned to Cairo we had sketched out a plan for my escape.

In order to get permission to visit Cairo, I put in a requisition for a couple of false teeth; these I knew could not be obtained at the hospital. I was given eight hours liberty in which to visit a dentist in Cairo. To Cairo I went but not to the dentist. Instead I joined my Egyptian friend who had in the meantime provided some Arab clothing for me and some walnut stain. I put on the Arab costume and darkened my skin with the stain. She had also bought an invalid chair. Into this I was put and her servant then took us to the railway station from where we went to Suez, then to Port Said. I was represented to be her invalid son who was deaf and dumb.

After three weeks during which time we kept constantly on the move, what was left of my Division was transferred to Saloniki and I felt safe to return to Alexandria without fear of being recognized. I now cleaned off the stain, shaved my beard, retaining my moustache however, put on European clothing and presented

BUREAU OF NAVIGATION		Department of Commerce and Labor		SHIPPING SERVICE	
CERTIFICATE OF DISCHARGE					
Ship's name and official number: <i>Gargoyle</i>		Seaman's name: <i>Daniel Wallace</i>			
Port of registry: <i>Philadelphia</i>	Tonnage: <i>3344</i>	I HEREBY CERTIFY that the particulars herein stated are correct, and that the above named seaman was discharged accordingly.			
Description of voyage: <i>Alexandria, Egypt</i>		Dated at <i>Philadelphia, Pa.</i>			
Seaman's age: <i>35</i>	Place of birth: <i>Arizona</i>	this <i>17th</i> day of <i>January</i> , 1916			
Character: <i>Deck Hand</i>	Master: <i>Frank W. Chapman</i>				
Ability: <i>"</i>	Seaman: <i>Daniel Wallace</i>				
Capacity: <i>Deck Hand</i>	Given to the above named seaman in my presence, this <i>18th</i>				
Seamanship: <i>Good</i>	day of <i>January</i> , 1916.				
Date of entry: <i>Dec 17/15</i>	Date of discharge: <i>Jan 17/16</i>	U. S. Shipping Commissioner			
Place of discharge: <i>Phila., Pa.</i>					

Facsimile of Discharge proving that the author took passage on the Gargoyle from Egypt.

myself at the American Consulate. I told the Consul I had been working for an automobile concern in Cairo and had met with an accident; this to account for my crippled condition. He believed my story and signed me on board an American oil tank ship—the Gargoyle—bound for Philadelphia.

We sailed from Alexandria on December 17th, 1915, and arrived in Philadelphia on January 17th, 1916.

At last I was back in America — only a wreck of the man who had so hopelessly left less than a year ago — but happy to be back for all that.

CONCLUSION.

With the space at my disposal it is, of course, utterly impossible to give more than an outline of the experiences through which I passed during the time of my service with the Allied forces. There are however a number of points in regard to which the American public has been so perniciously misinformed and misled that I shall take it upon myself to append hereto a number of anecdotes dealing with scenes which I personally witnessed and which I hope will tend somewhat to correct certain erroneous impressions disseminated by our British controlled American newspapers.

At Charleroi, in Belgium, an English officer was taking a photograph of a group of English soldiers posing in German uniforms. A private, dressed in women's garments, all disarranged, was lying upon the ground. Above him stood another English private in German uniform with bayonet thrust between the breast and

arm of the prostrate figure while an English major and three other English officers completed the picture: "Belgian Woman Outraged and Wounded by German Soldier".

In a small village on the Marne our soldiers brought forth the body of a woman, who had died a natural death, from one of the cottages. At the order of the officer in command, her breasts were cut off and strung on the blade of a German sword which had been picked up on the battle field. The sword was then run through her body pinning it to the side of the house with a Uhlan's helmet on top of her head. Of this arrangement also a photograph was taken by an officer; another "German Atrocity". And the German troops were not within fifty miles of the town.

A French girl, whose mother was German, enraged some English soldiers by saying that her mother's people were kind and generous. One night, while on outpost duty, I heard a cry and called a challenge. A voice replied saying that one of the boys was drunk and had hurt himself. Just then the cry was repeated and I commanded the party to advance, threatening to fire if they did not. There were seven men — and this French girl. Three of them had held her while she was ravaged by the other four—one of them a colored sergeant. I blew my whistle for the guard and had them put under arrest. Next morning I was called before Crown Officer, Lieut. Boscoun. He told me that the seven men were being sent to England to be court martialed—an utterly ridiculous subterfuge and excuse for not punishing them. "And now remember," he threatened, "You are not under any circumstance to mention this affair."

On the Peninsula a German officer, with right arm blown off, was captured. He was brought before the Company officers who tore off his decorations, denoting his rank and also yanked off the scapular, worn by Roman Catholics, from his neck. (I have seen French and Irish soldiers in France openly resent this indignity to this emblem of their faith). They then marched this gentleman before files of men telling them to "Give him Hell, boys; the dirty.....square-headed B.....d." The men spat upon the officer, pricked him with their swords and some kicked him. To make doubly sure against reprisal for these indignities they had tied his remaining arm to his side! .. He died next morning from loss of blood. His captors had refused to grant him medical attention because he would not divulge the location of a certain munition and supply base of the Turks.

Turkish boys, captured by our forces, were subjected to horrible outrages. Prisoners taken to the concentration camp were warned that any complaint made by them to inspectors of the Allies or of a neutral power would cause them to forfeit their life and guards were always near when outsiders entered the camps to make sure these threats were heeded.

Every Hospital Ship has a green band painted around her from her bow to her stern and a red cross painted on each side. In addition she carried a Red Cross flag at her masthead. At night the green band is illuminated with green lights and the red cross with red lights.

At the Dardanelles the British Battleships, when firing a broadside at the Turkish forts, formed in line between the Hospital Ships and the enemies Batteries. Then, immediately after firing, they would draw around behind the Hospital Ships, leaving them as a shield between them and the return fire, so that the Turks, when retaliating would be liable to hit the line of Hospital ships behind which the battleships were hiding.

The British also used the Hospital Ships for carrying able bodied troops from Alexandria to Lemnos and to the Dardanelles, as well as munitions and guns, and on their return with wounded they brought along also the rifles to be repaired.

On the beach, on the Peninsula, the British placed and operated machine guns and artillery pieces from behind the protection of tents from which they flew the Red Cross flag.

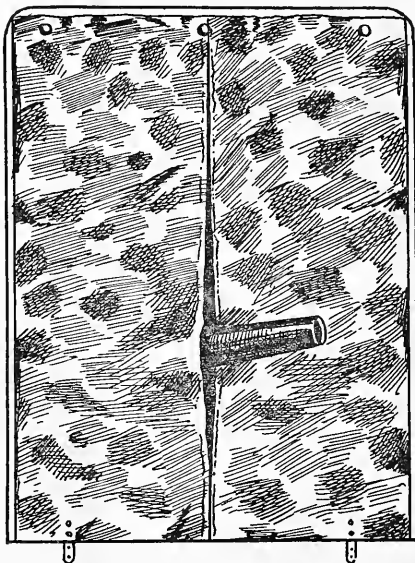
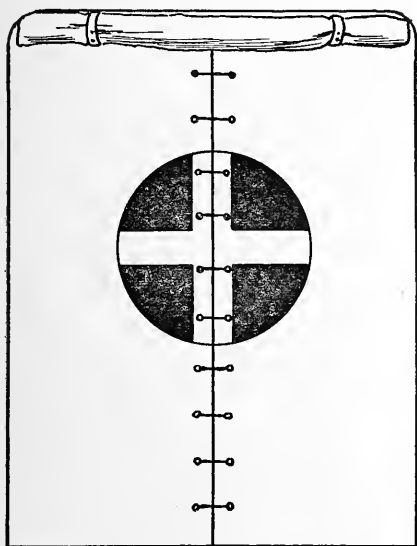
They use the stretchers of the Royal Army Medical Corps for carrying ammunition and grenades to the firing line and dynamite to the sappers.

In France a great many of the British Ambulances carried machine guns. The Ambulance has the Red Cross on each side, on the top and on the back. Over the back curtain, however, they had placed another—a vari-colored shield—which was kept rolled up and made fast with a couple of straps. This machine gun, protected by its Red Cross emblems would be driven as near the firing line as possible, then turned around, the motley curtain dropped and the gun trained on the German lines.

Throughout Egypt the British soldiers have struck terror to the hearts of the civilian population; especially among the Greeks, Arabs and Natives. These are

persecuted in a manner equalled only by the treatment of the Jews by the Russian tsars. The reports of which aroused the world a few years ago. Every Greek establishment, (after the Greek Government had refused to join the Allied forces) was obliged to pay to the British officials 500 piastres (\$25.00) for the services of two armed soldiers to be placed as guards on its premises, or run the chance of being looted. Complaint made by the citizens against the offending soldiery never brought conviction of the offender, who need only charge the Greek with having refused him service or with some fancied insult to his uniform or the British flag to have the poor fellow locked up or deported to Greece. If perchance they let him go, he was in danger of being mobbed for having made the complaint.

One incident in Alexandria I shall never forget. At the corner of the Rue Hammiel and the Rue D'Anastasie, near Fort Napoleon, was a small coffee house, owned by an elderly Belgian couple. The husband was a cripple on crutches, one leg being shrivelled up and useless. Into this cafe, one evening, went a party of New Zealand, Australian and English soldiers, each ordering a cup of coffee. One of the men, an Englishman whom I knew for a deserter from the English forces, but who was now wearing the New Zealand uniform, demanded 100 pt. (\$5.00) of the proprietor. Being refused, the Englishman struck the old cripple over the head with a chair, helped himself to what money there was in the drawer and took the old man's watch and chain. Meanwhile his companions amused themselves by



Back Curtain with motley shield rolled up.

Motley shield dropped over curtain, machine gun projecting through slit.

breaking up all the cups and saucers in the place. The old fellow made a complaint to the British officials but was only abused for his trouble and received no redress whatsoever.

There are between ten and fifteen thousand Americans in the British Army. Some joined of their own free will; some, like myself, were shanghaied. All of these, as well as the American women who are serving as Red Cross Nurses are reviled and ridiculed by private and officer alike; the men are openly insulted and their country derided and the women are sneered at behind their backs and filthy allusions made as to the motives that bring them to the camps and hospitals. "That Yankee cow", is one of the favorite epithets applied to these women, many of whom have sacrificed wealth and position to minister to perhaps the brother or son of the speaker.

The Captain of the Gargoyle, the American ship on which I returned from Egypt, received and carried out British orders to proceed to Algiers with all lights extinguished.

In time of peace this is a violation of the International Law of the High Seas; and upon violation of this law, the captain, or officer in command of the vessel is held liable for a long term of imprisonment.

In time of war any nation at war is justified—by the same International Law—to sink without warning, any craft so sailing without lights on the high seas or the waters of the nations at war.

Therefore, had we been sighted by a German or Austrian submarine while sailing, on British orders, without lights, they would have been justified in sinking us without warning.

Had this happened, our newspapers would have carried scare headlines about another "German Outrage". Would they have stated that we were at the time sailing without lights? I doubt it. The British would not have the case against Germany they were angling for if that admission were made.

But we did sail without lights. Graham V. Lowe, 262 West 77th st., New York City, was our wireless operator. Ask him.

When the United States Cruisers, the U. S. S. Chester and the U. S. S. Des Moines, sent on an errand of mercy, were at Alexandria, bringing Allied refugees from their enemies' shores and ports and endangering vessels and crews by the chances of running upon drifting or floating mines, the crews of these ships were continually being mobbed.

In one case, I tried to interfere but was beaten by two British soldiers for my trouble. Two American sailors, A. C. Coughlin, U. S. S. Des Moines, and John Meyer,



U. S. S. Chester, were standing in front of the Welcome Bar, owned by a German American named King, at the corner of Rue Wohed et Tobish and Rue D'Anastasia. Out of the pocket of Coughlin's blouse hung a handkerchief on the border of which was printed the American flag. A passing party of English and Australian soldiers caught sight of the American sailors and, in a threatening and insulting manner, hailed them with "Hullo, you bleeding Yankee, cold footed Bastards!" (their favorite title for an American). "Why aint you fighting?" At the same time one of them snatched the American flag handkerchief, spat upon it and threw it on the ground. Of course Coughlin punched the fellow. That was what they had hoped to provoke and within fifteen minutes there were thousands of British soldiers busily engaged in ferreting out the American sailors on land, mobbing them, beating them and driving them back to their ships, bruised, their clothing torn, many of them without their hats. During all of this British officers stood by complacently enjoying the scene. On the

Photograph of the author taken in Cairo shortly after receiving the King's pardon.

following day I saw a couple of soldiers out of Camp Mex with two of the sailors' hats, bragging about what they had done to the Yankee bastards.

Did you read about this non-German outrage in your British-hyphen-American newspapers? I rather think not. But I have given you names and locations. The date? July 1915. If it isn't true, you will soon see somebody proving me a liar in blackface type.

If you are surprised that you never hear of these and similar occurrences through your "American" Consul, read the following list of British subjects serving in the Consular and Diplomatic Service of the United States of America. Anyway, it wouldn't do to remind the American people that England has never for one instance swerved from her policy of disregard of American rights since the time when we cut loose from her apron strings.

List of a few of the British in our Consular and Diplomatic service:—

Henry A. Albre, Magantic, Canada.	P. H. Waddell, Troon, Scotland.
H. C. V. LeVatte, Louisburg, Canada.	H. Watson, San Pedro, Canada.
David James Bailey, Huddersfield, England.	B. A. S. Weber, Orilla, Canada.
W. S. Jones, Turks Island, W. I.	E. E. Webster, Hobart, Tasmania.
J. A. Love, Greenoch, Scotland.	R. F. White, Midland, Canada.
Alexander Bain, Port Hawkesbury, Canada.	A. F. Whyte, Wellington, New Zealand.
E. Ludlow, Limerick, Ireland.	W. J. Williams, Tahiti, Society Islands.
Emily Bax, London, England (Embassy).	S. J. Young, Trenton, Canada.
M. J. Mack, Liverpool, Canada.	J. W. Collins, Brisbane, Australia.
R. H. Moore, Kenora, Canada.	J. Donaghy, St. Johns, Canada.
G. Mortimer, Niagara Falls, Canada.	C. K. Eddowes, Derby, England.
Allan Bax, Dundee, Scotland.	A. H. Elford, Oran, Africa.
G. E. Barlassee, Sherbrooke, Canada.	W. H. Owen, Bridgewater, Canada.
E. S. Mosely, Manchester, England.	Luther J. Parr, Sheffield, England.
Joseph Bolton, Townsville, Queensland.	S. S. Partridge, Leicester, England.
J. W. Thomas, Manchester, England.	F. T. Peak, Suez.
H. C. Nielsen, West Hartlepool, England.	W. Pierce, Liverpool, England.
H. Nixon, New Castle-on-Tyne, England.	G. H. Prosser, Adelaide, Australia.
J. H. Owen, Annapolis, Royal, Canada.	W. D. Rees, Swansea, Wales.
H. F. Bradshaw, St. Johns, Newfoundland.	E. B. Renouf, Jersey, England.
E. L. Bristow, Port Said, Egypt.	M. Ringnet, Jr., Rimouski, Canada.
D. M. Brodie, Sudbury, Canada.	R. D. Roberts, Holyhead, Wales.
James Buckley, Prescott, Canada.	E. L. Rogers, Karachi, India.
U. S. Burke, Fremantle, Australia.	G. A. Rowlings, Sydney, S. W.
B. N. Call, New Castle, New Brunswick.	F. T. Sargent, Mathewtown, Bahamas.
R. Castle, Alicante, Spain.	W. N. Sinclair, Prince Edward Islands.
D. Chester, Windsor, Canada.	E. V. Solomon, Nassau, Bahams.
A. J. Chester, Sarnia, Canada.	C. A. Steeves, Monactor, Canada.
T. H. Cook, Nottingham, England.	W. B. Stewart, Digby, N. S.
A. J. A. Craven, Chittugong, India.	E. Taylor, Leeds, England.
E. Crundall, Dover, England.	M. Fazel, Maskat.
W. E. Daly, Brighton, W. I.	W. H. Fuller, East London, Canada.
G. W. Dawson, Cork, Ireland.	James Fisher, Hull, England.
James Dawson, St. Saulte Marie, Canada.	M. B. Fisher, Hemmingsford, England.
H. S. Hill, Halifax, N. S.	F. W. Fuller, Weymouth, England.
E. J. Hodson, London, England (Embassy).	W. Gibbens, Cornwall, England.
Francis Hodson, London, England (Embassy).	P. Gorman, Montreal, Canada.
J. B. Hunt, Owen Sound, Canada.	A. E. Fichardt, Bloemfontein, S. A.
J. E. A. Ince, Barbados, W. I.	A. W. Harriott, Salt Cay, W. I.
D. H. Jackson, Port Antonio, Jamaica.	C. Harlett, Melbourne, Australia.
H. D. Jameson, London, England.	H. A. Whitman, Canso, N. S.
R. A. Tennant, Galway, Ireland.	Joseph Heim, Penang, Straits Settlement.
D. S. Trovell, Toronto, Canada.	A. B. D. Rerrie, St. Ann's Bay, Jamaica.
J. A. Trumbell, Malta, Maltese Islands.	J. O. Spense, Lourence Marques, S. A.
C. N. Vroom, St. Stephen, New Brunswick.	

In conclusion I would like to say to those who, after devouring the British War Salad served by the American papers during the past two years, cannot "find it in their hearts" to believe such things of the "noble" British soldier as I have quoted: It would be easy to prove my story a fabrication if it were untrue. Have you ever tried to verify the newspaper reports you have read, of German losses, British gains? Of German atrocities, claimed by the British, which your own American correspondents and Consuls never established? Yet you believed them. I beg that you make all inquiry into the truth of what I have said.

To make the truth you will discover more easy of assimilation, I would ask you to remember what your American History taught you of the underhandedness, cruelty and treachery of the British.

Or, if you have been too long from school, ask your boy or girl or your granddaughter or grandson what they know about the English who furnished gold and firewater to the Indians that they might scalp our women and children. Of their nefarious methods during our war with them; their attempt to disrupt the Union by furnishing money and arms to the South during the Civil War; the Burning of Washington by them.

Those histories were written when there were no Pierpont Morgans, no Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds and other British-Americans who had the power to dictate to the Government and direct the opinion of the people of the United States.

Fellow citizens of the United States, in espousing the cause of England in the war, you are defeating the cause of the United States in the next war. England has never been anything but a bad friend to America. She has not changed her spots and the time is not far distant when the covert insults of the British toward the Americans will become an open challenge.

Therefore I would say to you, if any reader of these pages should feel within his soul the stirring ambition to become a soldier, enlist! But enlist in the Army of the United States of America, whose arch enemy always has been and still is Great Britain.

As for myself, thanks to John Bull's lying agents and the inefficiency and disregard of human life in his armies, I am a physical and nervous wreck. I am ashamed to look in the face of any German for fear that I may have taken by my rifle or my bayonet the life of either husband, son or brother in the unworthy cause of British greed.

But, crippled and broken as I am, I would welcome with joy an opportunity to throw back into the face of insolent England the calumnies she has heaped upon Americans and the American Nation.

For that which I have seen and experienced, "May God Punish England".

Faithfully yours,

Daniel H. Wallace



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Last permanent residence

Heicht 22 inches

Commission

[Handwritten signature]

Marks: *trachea invertebral heart blood*
right forearm

* Religion -

+ Signature of Soldier Warr Walker

A Rule should be described under one of the following denominations, viz., "Church of England," "Presbyterian," "Wesleyan," "Baptist," or "Congregational," or "Independent denomination," name of denomination to be forth, "Roman Catholic," or "Jew."

with the date of such change.

Note.--No entry on this page has any legal effect as a Will.

Nearest degree of relationship.	NAMES.	Latest known address to be given in full.
1st.	Wife.	
2nd.	Children.	
	Father.	
	Mother.	
	Brother and sisters.	<i>Frankie & Blue Philadelphia Pa</i>
3rd.	Nephews and nieces if children of deceased brothers or sisters.	<i>Capt. Fred H. Wallen Montreal Police</i>
4th.	Other relations.	<i>Samuel Philadelphia Pa</i>

Signature of Soldier. *Wm. H. Wallace*

Re-oriental number, 15310. Date of Signature.

Signature of Commander
 C. J. Fildes 18/1/1911

† State whether brothers are younger or older.

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After the shells cease bursting
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